

The last generation has seen a decided change for the worse in the quality of our cattle. The big demand is for stocker cattle—calves, yearlings, and two year olds, to be fed out for beef in corn raising counties. A lot of milk stock has been brought in. Every housewife demands one or more Jerseys, Holsteins or Guernseys at the milk gap for home supply and weekly shipments of cans of cream. Dairies have come to supply town people with their daily milk. In most every bunch of cattle can be seen the slim hips which denote milk stock. The hired man goes about the milking as a matter of course. Men have grown to maturity who never heard the bolsterous defy song of the old timers, one verse of which went some thing like this:

They can't set me down to no three
legg'd stool.

With a painted milk bucket at knee,
What, do they think I'm that kind
of a fool!

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a wooden factory made one, bought at the store. The term painted was applied to differentiate between the heavier, more lubberly bucket made by some handy man in the community. I have not heard the term in years, now I come to think about in.

I see now I have once again started to write something hard to stop in allocated space. To make as neat a landing as possible, let me say that our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Pocahontas county farmers, mostly derived from live stock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these everlasting hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better steer when the cheap beef from wild cattle from the western plains flooded the market. What grandpa did to save his business, we can do to improve ours. Dr Wilson, up at the University Farm, says the solution of our live stock problems lies in the breed, care and feed. These three, but the greatest of these is feed.

So we say to all those who follow the track of a steer it looks like good times are coming back in the cattle business, and that right soon. In fact the text I had in mind when I started to write was the news that Cousin Cam Beard topped the Baltimore market with a couple of car loads of three year old steers, 1300 pounds and better, to net him around \$9 50 a hundred weight.

Pocahontas

Chapter 4

Somewhat under duress exerted at such capable hands of authority as Miss Mabel, who is the wife, poor dear, and Doctor Jim, I made the perfectly sincere and all to the good New Year's resolution to quit so much of my running around.

To begin with, I had made a hand for a couple of days on a deer hunt. An old flat foot broke down under pressure; and an infection resulted. The blood stream got to acting up over it and they put me to bed for parts of three days with my foot in a sling. This was different from the metaphorical slings I am always putting my foot in. The orders were positive and plain: from here on I was to act my age. Being on the anxious seat, I readily assented and expected to comply.

My word being out before witnesses, it was with me the summer of self-righteous pride which precedes the fall. I declined with regret certain public appearances to break a few random remarks. Ordinarily, I would have risked a better leg than my worse one to have accepted such kind invites.

Come last Sunday afternoon; I was humped up in the chimney corner, with shoes off before the fire, a wondering in my mind if duty was not calling for the sacrifice of a pleasant six mile walk in the woods, for to check up on the birds, beasts and varmints, for a long range forecast on the snow storm the crackle of the fire sure said was brewing.

I hurry to say I am for the daily weather forecasts; their twenty-four hour predictions are to be depended upon for the short period attempted to be covered. However I want longer range forecasts myself, to consult the cut eaters in the fall as to general prospects for a hard or soft winter; then to read sign weekly for the immediate period ahead.

As I pondered to make believe there was satisfaction in the conceit of having been a powerful man in my day, the telephone jangled to break the silence of the sour hour. It was interesting as preparations for the New York, "We the People" were calling to know whether I could catch the next train out for the big town, for to be an exhibit on the popular radio broadcast which advertises Sanka Coffee. It seemed a typical country editor was wanted, and would I be their huckleberry?

In the words of the truth in an advertisement, sign of an old time merchant, I said go no further to get cheated; I would be on hand.

It is fifty mile down to the settlement; the train would leave in a couple of hours, and it a snowing; I would hit the hay road out in a few minutes with bells a ringing.

The gentleman with the kindest intention in the world, considerably inquired if I had experience money; if not, he would wire an amount sufficient. Daggone, that old boy don't know his mountain people, to realize that if I did not have the money by me or knew where I could get it, I would have had to politely refuse the invite for very good reasons, such as being in bed with bear scratches, and quarantined for rabies.

Incidentally, the record should show that well heeled neighbors did shell out liberally on the spur of my great moment in amounts more than sufficient. I am further moved to remark the old saying is still true that we mountain people are like wild hogs in that we eat each other, but let one of us squeal, and the whole drove packs to his relief.

For seven generations my people have tracked the Seneca Trail—sometimes before and some times after the 18th—but none of the breed ever went that long trail awinding with greater trepidation of heart. However, you know the old saying, no fool, no fun, so I went along determined to have a good time regardless, but how I did dread it all. Oh, why should the heart of a mortal be proud!

The trip from the settlement on was just another train ride. At the hotel, there were directions to call the captain's office. Reporting there, an interview was had, in which the short and simple annals of a poor country editor were jotted down for the professional script writer to put within meets and bounds for five minutes of dialogue—no more, no less. Then appointments were made for studio rehearsals. Here your reading voice is tried out to fit radio broadcast; the script revised, added to and cut out; words marked for emphasis. Then other rehearsals for the revised script. All this was just about as dull as dish water and as uninteresting as preparations for the old home town pageant.

Mouthing over a spontaneous little outburst soon causes it to lose flavor and become flat as a board, no matter how so stimulating in the morning sun it may appear when first expressed. Something like messing up butterfly wings by too much handling, if you catch my point.

I have said before it is ever a painful duty for me to vivisection my feeble jests to show the works to those who wonder what it all may be about any

cont.

There being no part nor parcel of play acting in my make up, there was no temptation to become temperamental—hysterical, in common, everyday language. So like the dumb, driven ox which I am, I plodded along the lines laid out for me. I finally realized I had no particular desire to live through it all, for I knew full well if I was allowed even to come back to the Greenbrier Valley, I could never hope to live the matter down.

To relieve tense reader suspense, I will here say I did live through the experience, and have returned to the bosom of my family. The seen audience which packed the big theatre responded to the weak gags about the same as a gathering of mountain peo-

ple; there were kind, encouraging words from the management; there has been a flow of fan mail; even the home people received gladly the threadbare lines I sent over the air.

As an experience I would not take anything for it, but I do not choose any more. Like the old man who said he would not take a million dollars for his wife, but would hesitate to give a dime for another just like her.

My little skit was a dialogue between two editors. Exhibit Number One was Editor Schoensteln of the New York Journal American, 650,000 circulation, 1500 employees. Exhibit Number Two was your Editor of the Pocahontas Times, 3,000 subscribers, 3 employees. I cottoned to the city editor no end; he is smart and he is likable. What a man I could have made of him if I had caught him early enough to train him up as a country editor. Here his personality would have touched humanity direct—a light on a bushel and not under it.

The Confederacy was pretty well represented on the stage that night, in addition to this unreconstructed rebel. The director, Mr Stronach, is one of the Virginia Cousins from Clark County. Miss Jane Pickens is a professional singer, whose head is as red as the clay hills of Georgia from whence she came. These two have joined the Yankees and now live in New York.

Then there was that son of the far South, Will Davis, executive secretary of the Board of Trade, city of Pensacola, Florida, turkey hunter and hound dog man. His mother was a professional singer. About forty years ago, her singing of the ever popular song "O Promise Me," was transcribed on a victrola record. Not one record could be found, though Mr Davis sought diligently. "We the People" had one for him in an hour after his plea had gone out over the air.

Another on the job that night was Car Wood, that boat racing son of Neptune, whose speed boats have won so many races there is no one left with the nerve to challenge him.

There was the interesting Major of the late royal navy of Russia, who designs fast military planes for America these days.

Then there were Mr and Mrs George Lowther, of New York, whose recent courtship through mandamus proceedings and their elopement and marriage has been heralded from coast to coast in the daily papers. They are a nice young couple and I am for them. If they will send me their address when they go to house keeping, I will help them start right to the extent of a year's subscription to the Pocahontas Times.

The remaining feature of the program was a group of boys from the Bowery, who play harmonicas. They were bright little dickenses, with the souls of artists. I got real chummy with them. Don't ask me their names; I can hardly pronounce, much less spell them. They were of Italian extraction, mostly.

Pocahontas
Times

1/18/40

Pocahontas - Chapter 4

:- DIED :-

Mrs Phoebe Ellen Zickafoose Lambert was born at Cave, Pendleton County, November 13, 1862; she departed this life December 4, 1939, at her home at Greenbank, aged 77 years and 21 days. She was a daughter of the late Sampson and Sarah Simmons Zickafoose. She is survived by her half brother, Robert Mullenax, and her half sister, Mrs Pearlle Lambert, both of Cherry Grove.

On August 19, 1880, she became the wife of James B Lambert. To this union seven children were born. She is survived by her aged husband, and two children, Mrs Boyd Crigler, of Franklin and Mrs Homer Cassell, of Greenbank; also by twenty three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

At the age of twelve years, Mrs Lambert made profession of her faith and united with the United Brethren Church, ever living the faithful, consistent life of a Christian. She was a great church worker, a teacher in the Sabbath School, ready to do everything in her power to advance The Kingdom. She was a sympathetic friend and neighbor, a loving and affectionate mother.

The funeral service was held from the Greenbank Methodist Church by Rev Quade R. Arbogast. Burial in the Arbore Cemetery beside the graves of her son and daughter. The pall bearers were her grandsons and the flower bearers her granddaughters.

X

- Marlinton Journal

3/7/40

Dear Mr. Price:

In those days the East Fork of the Greenbrier was not bridged so it was necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then came Back River, or-as it is now known, The West Fork of the Greenbrier, and it was much worse than the East Fork. Luck was with us, however, since B. B. Kerr and Harvey Cromer were there at a mill owned and operated by Mr Kerr. To cross this Fork the wagons were forced to drop from two to three feet from the edge of the ice to the river bed. What a wonder they didn't upset. We managed however to negotiate the ford and start up Cheat Mountain. After traveling all day we reached Cheat Bridge and spent the night in the home of Mr Cromer. (Right here I want to say that no one ever had a better friend than Mr. Cromer.)

In August 1899 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of traveling—covered wagons.

With the coming of the construction crews the roaring days began. Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight of lumber operations such as O'Connell's Camp and two rival construction camps could say it wasn't.

I remember O'Connell's last drive

When the construction crew on the Coal and Iron reached what is now Brocker, my father carried the mail to the camp. On days that he could not go I carried the mail on horseback. A box was located in what is now the Lee Galford farm for one of the camps, and from there down to the river and back to Durbin following the railroad grade. N. B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polle, as he was affectionately known, was post master and I was his assistant.

When the C & I reached what is now West Durbin and the C & O what is now Durbin, both had their survey through what is called the Narrows just above Durbin. Both roads were anxious to lay steel through the gap and the C & O got the jump on the C & I. They rushed a crew in one Saturday night, in October 1902. Sunday saw intense activity and when evening came a flat car loaded with ties stood at the end of steel. That is where the switch is located going into Pocahontas Tanning Company siding.

Give credit for our school to those men who in the past years have fought so hard for a high standard of learning. Mr. Flynn, Mr. Batson, Mr. Hedrick, Mr. McMillon and Mr. Poscover. These men, assisted by as fine a group of teachers as anywhere in the State have made our school a top ranking one.

To show the difference in modes of transportation I would suggest a trip in a 1940 model car over State Route 28 and U. S. 250.

Mrs. P. F. Eades.

Darbin, W. Va.

Pocahontas
Times
1/15/40

Pocahontas

Chap 4

Dear Mr Price:

Several times in recent years I have read your comments on coyote in Webster and nearby. Do you know why they are there?

Thirtyfive of my forty years have been spent in Webster - have been raised there, grade and school. Later bank cashier a few years in same county. All my life during huntlog

season I have roamed the hills of Webster and adjoining counties

About the years of 1927 and 1928 The Cherry River Boom and Lumber Company had some Spaniards or half Mexicans near Tea Creek on Gauley One of their sports was dog fighting They also brought into Gauley coyotes to fight their dogs. It was great sport to them I have seen them shipped by express to Camden on Gauley from Western states Camden on Gauley was the shipping point for the Gauley River lumber woods. Some of the coyotes were turned loose at Tea Creek and others escaped in the same locality.

This may not be anything new to you, but if you did not know it, then I will be glad to have informed you

Claude A. Case.

Lost Creek, W. Va.

Hunters from Bath and Alleghany Counties, Virginia, are preparing to gather at Muddy Run, near Warm Springs, on Thursday, February 1, to hunt down the wolf or coyote which has killed over one hundred head of sheep for the farmers along Jacksons River the past year. It is believed the varment is denning in the Rocky Spring Hollow.

Dennis Griffin, of Clovelick caught the monster wild cat or bay lynx of the woods one day last week. It was forty five inches long from tip to tip, and would weigh nearly forty pounds. The books give the average length of a bay lynx at thirtysix inches and its weight at twenty pounds. This big cat was caught in a steel trap, set near the boundary of the Seneca State Forest.

Years ago some prominent people in the world outside took to task my brother, the late Andrew Price; how come he persisted to live in this sparsely settled county, to hide under a bushel his bright light as an able lawyer and writer. In time he gave reply, expressing his sentiments in a really outstanding poem. I print it again, to show why we all like to live like Riley on Nameless Creek, where we are so happy and so poor:

The life I live, the life I prize
Seems tame to world-worn weary eyes;
Those frantic souls spurred on by
lust,

For power and place till all is dust;
They never know the sweet release
Among the purple hills of peace.

I know not what the years may hold,
My dreams may fade if I grow old,
But this I know, each golden year,
Makes home, and friends, and life
more dear.

Each year the heavens brighter
gleam,

Each year enhances field and stream.
Come with me to the mountain height
Bathed in a flood of morning light.

On every side the mountains stand,
Awful, indomitable, grand,

Yet through an all-wise Thesmothete
The wild flowers bloom about our feet
I kouw I gaze with raptured eye,
On scenes that once I idled by;

I envy not the potentate,
The rich, the mighty, high and great.
My books, my friends, my mountains
free,

Have been and are enough for me.

The Sinsel family is connected with the Dayton family. The wife of Judge A. G. Dayton was a Miss Sinsel; their son is the Honorable Arthur Dayton of Charleston, leading lawyer, outstanding Shakesperian scholar of his generation, and a recognized art critic in the field of picture painting. What I am leading up to say is the late Judge Dayton was the son of the late Spencer Dayton. He came from Connecticut along about some time in the early fifties or late forties to practice law. This he did extensively in a whole block of counties which are now in central West Virginia. Incidentally when his grandson, Arthur, moved from Philippi to Charleston some years since, the name of Dayton was removed from the list of attorneys at the bar of Barbour county, where it held honorable position for eighty years—grandfather, son and grandson.

Spencer Dayton is a tradition in Pocahontas county, and I have let the old people die off without finding out about his practice and service here in reconstruction times. Of course his family has written something about him and his ancestors tracing the line over to Old England and even running it down to Runny Meade, whatever and wherever that was. I reckon I ought not admit I am so provincial and narrow as to have small interest beyond my own Valley and State. But then doggone a man can easily take in too much territory and spread himself too thin. A man's responsibility must need have boundary somewhere.

In the years immediately following the war between the states, the reconstruction judge was a carpetbagger from Vermont or New Hampshire by the name of Nat Harrison. He had come into prominence somewhat as attorney for defense in the last trial for piracy on the high seas. This was in a Federal Court in New York. The brilliant young lawyer won decision to clear his clients of the charge.

About fifteen years after the celebrated trial, Attorney Nat Harrison turns up at Lewisburg as the Circuit Judge for the Greenbrier Valley counties. To say the least, he was an unlovely character. One item in many counts our people hold against Judge Harrison was his having the

It was Spencer Dayton who came into the breach. He came here from Summersville, over the Nicholas Trail through the Black Forest. It is said he disliked to wear shoes, and that he walked the distance barefooted, carrying his shoes and only putting them on when he came in sight of the court house. Anyway, the service of a strong lawyer was then available to an opposed people. I don't know of any of the trumped up murder cases coming to trial; certainly there were no convictions; eventually through the years the indictments were thrown out of court.

As for the indictment against Captain Stapher in some way appeal was taken to the Federal Court at Clarksburg, where the case was baffled along until the state restored the right of franchise to the Confederate soldier, and then dropped.

This, sketchily, is the tradition of Spencer Dayton, the lawyer from the North, in Pocahontas county at a time when a lot of good people surely needed the help he so ably and so cheerfully rendered them.

grandjury return indictments for murder against many of our prominent people. They had been Confederate soldiers, and were haled before a civil court to answer for acts of war.

It kind of leaked out that the indictment would be quashed by the judge for cash consideration. I never heard tell of any of the true bills being taken care of in this easy, quiet, crooked way. My recollection is the court records will show the indictment against Captain Jacob W. Marshall, of the 19th Virginia Cavalry, was not thrown out of court until sometime in the eighties when Judge Homer Holt was on the bench.

Anyway the people quietly organized a lynching bee to deal summarily with the Judge Harrison on his return to Lewisburg from the Hunterville court. In some way the word leaked to the judge and he went home by way of Anthony Creek instead of the usual route, the Lewisburg and Marlins Bottom Turnpike. I have heard the story was to be tied to the Marlinton bridge when they dropped the judge in the river.

Then the judge got in a mess at the Lewisburg court; got knocked through a window by the clerk of the court; went west and died within my own recollection in a poor house in Colorado.

All this is just leading up to say that the late Spencer Dayton appeared on the scene at a time when a lot of good people were in need of an advocate. The local attorneys were debarred by reason of the test oath. They could not swear they had not aided and abetted the late Southern Confederacy.

Incidentally one of them, Captain D. A. Stopher did stand and so swear. Having raised a whole company, called the Pocahontas Rescues, and marched them off in the Tin Cup Campaign to Philippi as their captain; having collected some five minie balls in his body during the following four years of war, the doughty captain was promptly indicted for false swearing. Then he too apparently stood in need of an advocate as much as anybody else.

Pocahontas Times - 4

Pocahontas Times

7/5/40

Pocahontas
Chap. 4

DR. JOHN M. YEAGER

Dr John M. Yeager aged 63 years died Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1940. For a year he had been in failing health, though up to within a few weeks of his death he had been active in his practice. The cause of his death was paralysis, but in reality this beloved physician had worn himself out in service of sick and ailing humanity.

On Tuesday afternoon his body was buried in the family plot in Mt View Cemetery. The funeral was conducted from the home in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing friends by his pastor, Dr H. Malcom Sturm. of the Methodist Church. The pall bearers were C B. Moore, Frank King G S Callison. Kerth Nottingham, Richard Currence and Senator Fred C. Allen.

John Moody Yeager was born at Bartow, April 7 1877. He was the second son of the late Brown M. and Harriet Arbogast Yeager. Of his fathers family there remains his four brothers, Walker. Sterling. Bruce and Paul; his sisters, Mrs Brownie Gatewood and Mrs Texie Carroll.

In 1902 Dr. Yeager was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Smith, daughter of Captain A E Smith. To this union were born four children: Guy M of Amingo; L A of Frank lin; Mrs Elmer Smith and Mrs W E Adlung, of Washington D. C.

Dr Yeager was graduated in medicine at Louisville. Ky. in 1901 and for 39 years has practiced his profession in Marlinton. He had a large practice, which reached to every walk of life. To rich and poor alike. his sympathizing heart went out in his passion to heal sick and broken bodies. No one will ever know the good this beloved physician did for it should be said he wore his life away and shortened his days in service to sick and suffering humanity. Blessed with a remarkable personality his circle of friends was wide for to know him was to love him

"Know ye not that this day a great and good man has fallen"

Pocahontas Times
4/18/40

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 3, 1938

You have heard how it has been said in old time: a bright young man got himself on credit a hand me down printing press and a shirt tail full of type, a bundle of paper and a daub of ink to launch a periodical on the sea of an unsuspecting public; to make an editor or become a slave in the attempt; any one or both.

Out of the reek and wrack of such hit and miss procedures there did come out of such trials by fire a brand of old hickory, self made and self sustaining newspaper men. Of many it could be said of such hardy souls they could take the biggest drinks of liquor and write the dullest editorials. However, in rare instances the flux was just right, the dross to consume, the gold to refine, for from the flames would arise, phoenix like, an editor all to the good.

Would that I could go on with descriptive tribute to such an editor whose price is far above rubies, but the above labored writing is merely preface to saying future editors of America are now being milled out in the Department of Journalism of the University of West Virginia: "The education and training of newspaper men and women should be on a level with the preparation of other leading professions." And here, too, would that I could jay off on to a piece of writing about how our University is now fulfilling its sphere by weaving strands into the warp and woof of citizenship which strengthen the fabric of our social order. This too will have to be deferred for I have some good writing to present.

Some weeks ago I wrote a piece on the present low estate of the Fourth Estate: Dr. P. I. Reed, head of the University Department of Journalism read the rambling observations and was provoked to remark, in part as follows:

"The worst aspect of the whole

matter is a far too many in-

too many in-

stances the charges you make are essentially true, but the best aspect is that men within the profession . . . are taking a rather searching inventory of their journalistic stock and are not waiting for some force from the outside to force and 'houseclean' upon them. When the editors and publishers themselves have the intelligence and courage to look things fairly in the face and then set out to try to do something about it, we may rest assured that whatever weaknesses we may discover in our profession are likely to be remedied.

"In the journalistic scheme of things the reader is the important factor. He is king. We are all his servants. And so long as we make it clear in what we publish that we are first of all thinking of the general welfare, we are not going to get into any difficulty and are going to have plenty of staunch friends among our readers. But when we forget the reader and the general good, he has a way of curing that malady rather promptly. And all of us in the profession know exactly what his method is.

"Freedom of expression and freedom of the press are gems of priceless worth. They belong to the people, not alone to the publisher. With the news reels and the radio hesitating at times to say aloud what some are thinking, it becomes the duty of every newspaperman to see that not the slightest encroachment on the freedom is allowed. And if we play squarely and decently with our reading public, I don't think there is any power on land or sea that is going to shackle in even the smallest way the great liberty that we as newspapermen in this country have enjoyed and value almost above life. One of the best ways for us to keep that power and to withstand every onslaught of our enemies is for us to . . . take an honest look at ourselves and speak, even to ourselves, the truth that may hurt a bit."

I get a letter the other day from a writer's project bringing the request to give some facts and figures about the Greenbank community, and some fancies in the way of a tall hunting story about Huntersville.

To consider the last item of the request first, I will here again reprint the panther killing experience of Squire James Sharp, more than a century since. The Squire was a son of William Sharp, the pioneer, who settled at Huntersville in 1773, at the age of about 30 years. His declaration for a pension in 1832, recites that he saw service in the campaign to the Indian towns in 1764, to bring back captives; that he was one of the two

couriers dispatched
load of lumber
struction of
mar Sanitarium

Picture no. 2.
for New Hospital
itarium, a State Institute
treatment of Negroes suffering
tuberculosis. The gentlemen with

ing calf. Properly reinforced, Mr Sharp went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there beheld what no hunter had seen before or since: Nine dead panthers; every shot had told with fatal effect. It appears there were seasons when these animals went in packs and this appears to have been one of those times.

Greenbank, lovely village of upper Pocahontas, is situated in the green plain like valley of the Deer Creek and its North Fork. The first settlers came there prior to the American Revolution from the Valleys of the Shenandoah, the Jackson, the Cowpasture and the South Branch of the Potomac Rivers. These settlers were mostly Scotch Irish, with some English and German names.

I have heard the name came from the grassy slope of the plateau on which the old Liberty Church and the modern high school are situated. This sunny bank greens early in spring and so the name. However, I put some dependance in the tradition the place was named for the sake of the village of Greenbank in old England. Anyway one of the early settlers was William Nottingham, a native of England, a part of whose farm is now a part of the Uriah Hevener estate. He came here just after the Revolution, and maybe he bethought himself of the village of Greenbank back home when he saw his new home surroundings.

Sometime prior to the Revolution John Warwick settled at the forks of Deer Creek on lands still occupied by his descendants. Here he built the community fort, as early as 1770 and maybe a year or two before the great rush into this valley beginning about that year. The erection of this fort in such good hunting and fishing country was exasperating to the Indians, and they were very troublesome to the settlers living within reach of the fort. On one occasion, an Indian was seen to climb a tree to reconnoitre the fort; he was located and shot by Major Jacob Warwick. Once when this fort was invested by Indians, one of the attacking party shot an arrow into the enclosure from the top of the "Mole Hill" where

days is the large gallery for the colored retainers of the families of the congregation. Meeting house and session room have ever been kept up in good repair and in recent years a Sunday School room has been added. Strong pastors have served this people. In the early days there were such men as Dr. Kennedy, from New Jersey; Dr. John C. Barr, later for so many years pastor of the First Church in Charleston; J. A. H. Hamilton, later of Sta. William T. Price. The ed the dedicatory services more than 80 years ago.

Greenbank is a village but it has a high school which in size and importance would be a credit to a city of five thousand people. For that matter by means of transportation of pupils it serves a wide spread population of the big Greenbank District.

Away back in 1842, General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia established the Greenbank Academy, a preparatory branch of the University of Virginia. For nearly twenty years this academy played an important part in the culture and educational development of a virile people until broken up by the war between the states.

No part of West Virginia was more thoroughly ravaged by war than Pocahontas county, and no part of the county suffered in greater degree than Greenbank. The contending forces were marching, camping, fighting and raiding through from the very beginning to almost the end, with home talent bush whacking activities on the side most any time.

Greenbank was strongly southern in sympathy. The Greenbank Company, or "Mountain Rifles," when mustered in consisted of 110 men. Of these, 100 were six feet or more in height. This company was assigned to the 31st Virginia Infantry a fighting company of a fighting regiment. There were 96 casualties. They followed Jackson from McDowell on. After Jackson's death at the Wilderness, they saw Antietam, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, around Richmond, Petersburg, and the rest. The company suffered terribly in the Bloody Angle at Spotsylvania County House. Appomattox River.

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Biography W. Va.

Title: "The Pathfinder of the Seas" (Matthew F. Maury)

Author: Mrs. Rella F. Yeager

Status: Complete

Date Submitted:

Length: 1950 words

Contents:

Editor:

Complete statement on life of "The Pathfinder of the Seas" - Matthew Fontaine Maury. Gives description of his life in U. S. Navy; his scientific charts and volumes, "Sailing Directions"; Brussels Conference of 1853.

Source: _____

Consultant: _____

Reliability:

not checked

File: Biography

Folders: _____

"THE PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS"

Maury 1950
C

Americans have not always acknowledged the greatness of their fellowmen. This has been characteristic of the Nation. While there are occasional movements toward recognition of the public services of some distinguished son of the Republic, there are still many who today are practically unknown by the American People. This is unfortunately true of one whom all Europe proclaimed as the "greatest American of his times" but who is not familiar to his own countrymen.

It is therefore our privilege to give the first national record in an American Historical Journal of Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury, the American who charted the winds and the currents of the Oceans; who gave to the world the new science of meteorology; who is in reality the father of the National Observatory at the seat of our National Government and who originated the great system today is known as the Weather bureau.

There is no American whose service to his generation was so great and whose life at home was spent in such seclusion; about him there was the modesty of greatness, for as an American he refused the highest scientific honors of Europe and renounced wealth, fame and even a palace as the gift of an emperor, to pass his last days in the hills of Virginia that he loved. Our beloved West Virginia shares this honor with Virginia, the Mother State.

A friend of kings, he passed away in the beautiful little town of Lexington, Virginia, within the shadow of the graves of Robert E. Lee and General Stonewall Jackson. Through the Journal of American History the life and character of this great American has just been completed.

The investigator is an authority in southern history who is intimately acquainted with those among whom Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury spent his life, and from private historical sources has prepared this record.

Though this investigation a movement has also been made for the erection of a monument to the great American, with an appropriation from the Congress of the government that he so well served.

With the beginning of the past century, on the 14th of January, 1806, only ten miles from the city of Fredericksburg in the County of Spotsylvania, Virginia, was born Matthew Fontaine Maury. He came of goodly stock, for there mingled in his nature, in equal parts, the sturdy religious life of the French Huguenots and the gallantry of the English Cavalier. On his mothers side he belonged to the distinguished Miner family of Virginia, while his name bears testimony that his paternal ancestors were of the choice Huguenots who, from the persecutions of Catholic France stretched their arms to the new world.

When Maury was only five years old, his parents went to Tennessee and settled near the present town of Franklin. There 'mid the forests of Tennessee in the days of the early settlers, before advanced civilization had built her great highways of travel or her schools of learning, there grew up the lad who was to become the "Pathfinder of the Sea".

Few were the early educational advantages of young Maury, but an accident in his youth that seemed to disqualify him for farm life, led his father to give him an opportunity at Harpeth Academy.

The activity of his mind brought him into the special notice of his instructors and the association ripened into life long friendship.

J. H. Otey, afterward Bishop of Tennessee, and William C. Hasbrouck, to whom Maury dedicated his work on "The Physical Geography of the Sea" were his teachers at the Academy. Maury's ambition was for a course at West Point but his parents denied this to him. Young Maury left home without his father's blessing, for without their knowledge he sought an appointment in the Navy. In 1825 an inland lad of 19 years, Matthew Maury received his appointment to the United States Navy, and was assigned as midshipman on the frigate "Brandywine".

There was no Naval Academy, for it was Maury himself who first advocated the establishment of the great government school at Annapolis.

This young aspirant for Naval honors, must needs prosecute his studies amid the trying scenes of active sea service. It at once became evident that Maury had resolved to master both the theory and practice of his profession.

His comrades of that early period relate that on the round spot of the quarter-deck, he chalked his diagrams in spherical trigonometry to enable him, when on duty pacing to and fro, to employ the precious moments in useful study. It chanced that during the first year of his service, the "Brandywine" bore LaFayette from his visit to this country.

Tradition tells us that the distinguished Marquis spoke many pleasant and encouraging words to the studious midshipman. In 1826, Maury was transferred to the sloop-of-war "Vinciennes"--about to make a cruise around the world. The opportunities for study on this voyage were much to his advantage, and on his return home, he was ready for his examinations.

In 1831, he was appointed master of the sloop-of war "Falmouth" which had been ordered to Pacific waters. He at once sought diligently for information as to the best track for his vessel, but no reliable charts for his guidance were in existence. He keenly realized that here was a great need to be supplied and his bold and active brain forthwith began to grapple with the problem of ocean charts.

On this voyage he observed the curious phenomenon of the low barometer off Cape Horn, and wrote upon the subject his first scientific paper and it was at this time that he began his textbook on navigation.

At his home for a time in 1834, two important events occurred. He was married to Miss Anna Herndon of Fredericksburg, Virginia. From this time on we find much of his time and life woven into the history of the old 'Burg on the Rappahannock. The other event that marked this year at home, was the publication of his first book, a treatise on navigation, which became for many years a text book in the United States Navy, and was in every essential particular outlined by Matthew Maury.

He saw it as a vision from heaven with blessings to earth, and he failed not to prophesy to his people. It was on his return from the Brussels Conference to his post at Washington, laden with honors that Maury stood clearly before the world,

"the founder of the twin sciences of hydrography and meteorology". No less a man than Alexander Van Humbolt declared him the "father of a new science", and was distinguished Baron in his 90th year wrote him a fervid letter of congratulation.

The simple De hot pot of charts and instruments entrusted to the young lieutenant became a National Observatory, with the great man of science as its superintendent. In all particulars this National Observatory under Maury, outlined and comprehended, what now at Washington is divided into four separate departments. Science has conferred no greater boon upon the world than the great ocean cables, that flash the news. It was the genius of Commander Maury that from all this dry data brought forth, those scientific deductions that revolutionized the ship sailing of the world. This took form in a series of six charts and eight large folio volumes of "Sailing Direction", that comprehended all waters in every clime where fly the white sails of civilized commerce. The charts are known as "Maury's wind and currents chart", and are styled "Track Charts," "Thermal Charts," and "Storm and Rain Charts." They exhibit with wonderful accuracy, the winds and currents, their force and direction at different seasons of the year, the temperature of the service waters, the calm belts and trade winds, the rains and the storms.

The eight volumes are of "Sailing Directions" and are brim full of the most valuable nautical information, and are treasures to every intelligent seaman. With these charts and directions, the navigator knows for each season, and in all waters where he has best chances for a swift and safe voyage. Some idea of the work accomplished can be formed from the statement that 20,000 copies of "Sailing Directions" were distributed gratuitously to the merchant vessels.

The practical result to the navigator of the revelations of this great "Pathfinder of the Sea" has been that in the most difficult of all sea-voyages, that from New York to San-Francisco, around Cape Horn, the trip has been shortened by forty days, and it has been estimated that in shortening the time and lessening the dangers of sea-voyage there has been a saving to the world's commerce of not less than \$40,000,000 annually.

The accuracy of Maury's work was shown when on one occasion, the "San Francisco" with troops on board was severely damaged in an Atlantic hurricane. The helpless wreck drifted out to the sea.

The Secretary of the Navy appealed to Maury, who estimated where wind and wave acting upon a helpless wreck, would drift the vessel. With a blue pencil he marked the spot on his chart. To this spot relief was sent, and the survivors rescued.

In his "Physical Geography of the Sea", in his discussion of "Sea Routes", Maury has this to say: "So to shape the course on voyages as to make the most of winds and currents at sea, is the navigator's art. How the winds blow and the currents flow along this route is no longer a matter of opinion or subject of speculation, but a matter of certainty determined by actual observation. The winds and the weather daily encountered by hundreds who have sailed on the same voyage before him and 'the distance made good' by each from day to day, have been tabulated and arranged for the mariner; nay, his path has been literally blazed through the winds for him on the sea; mile posts have been set up on the waves, and finger-beards planted, and time tables furnished for the trackless waste."

The international character of the work soon led to an international conference. It was at Maury's instance that in 1853 the United States called the celebrated Brussels Conference. It was a notable gathering of scientific men. Nearly every important maritime nation was there represented and a systematic plan of co-operation provided. It was at this conference that Maury advocated the extension of the same system of meteorological observations to land also and thus form a weather bureau, helpful to Agriculture. This he continued to urge and agitate in his papers and addresses all over the country until the very close of his life. The great Signal Service and Weather Bureau, successfully operated in the world today from continent to continent and for this the debt is due to Maury, for the great Atlantic cable is one of the radiant sparks that flew from his anvil as he wrought.

The Physical Geography of the Sea and its meteorology he founded the way to the very heart of nature and land before us her majestic laws.

Master of a pure English style he sets before us the marvelous phenomena of earth and sea.

Master of a pure English style he sets before the marvelous phenomena of earth and sea and air, in thought and language that flows deep and strong, and warm and life giving like the great current of the Gulf Stream.

No American has ever received higher testimonials from foreign countries; Orders of Knighthood were bestowed upon him by the Emperor of Russia, King of Denmark, King of Portugal, King of Belgium and Emperor of France, while other countries struck gold medals in his honor. The Pope sent him a full set of all the medals struck during his pontificate and Masimilian decorated him with the "Crest of our Lady Gaudalopue". By special request Alexander Von Humbolt bestowed upon him the "Cosmos Medal", struck in honor of the great Baron. It is the only duplicate of that medal in existence.

The Cambridge University of England conferred on him the degree of L.L.D. It is said that in Berlin there stands a statue to his memory. Thus Kings, to do him honor, took delight. The only civilized nation that has withheld adequate recognition of his services has been the government of the United States. All that has come to him from his own government has been the meager pay of his rank in the Navy.

In the Capital City where for twenty years his great brain projected influence that are blessing the whole civilized world today, and are the very honor and glory of our own land, there stands no memorial of his service, no bronze or marble to tell of his greatness. There is not even a bust nor a portrait in the National Observatory where his work was done.

When this nation built its National Library, from all nations and all ages were brought names through worthy to be woven into the beautiful Mosaic of that national structure, but while the antiquarian dug deep to find some of the names that are there, we look in vain for that of him who, born on our native soil and toiling under the very shadow of the Capitol, became the founder of twin sciences

that amaze the mind with their wonders and shed light and blessings
the earth. the ends of

The claims of Maury for recognition at the hands of this nation
upon Military service, or any relation he bore, or did not bear that bro^{rest}
to war. It rests upon a service that saves live and property, a service th^s in-
one of the brightest stars that adorn the victories of peace.

Maury is one of the greatest names that adorn the history of Virginia.
not think the name of Maury is forgotten in his own land. It is too closely wov
into his great science ever to be lost to the world.

The Congress of Meteorology must render to the name of Maury a tribute of
profound gratitude, as the founder of our science and the highest honor for his
great researches in every department of this science.

April 27, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Marlinton, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

Chapter 4- Section 4 - part b - Question 1.

You asked for a socially inherent reason for the formation of a separate county. I looked through the County Records and all of the Histories of the counties of which Pocahontas had been a part and could not find the answer to this question. In desperation I went to Mr. Calvin Price and he assured me that this had never been put in print but that he could give me the reason and that I could quote him.

It seems that the people from Marlinton, Huntersville, and this section of the county had to go to Warm Springs to Court. The people from Greenbank and the upper part of the county had to go to Franklin. The people from the Elk section of the county had to go to Beverly, and those from Swago and the lower end of the county had to go to Lewisburg. Mr. Price says that the people in what is now Pocahontas County being more or less related, they just decided to form a compact county of their own with the county seat at Huntersville.

If this isn't sufficient information, let me know and perhaps I can get something more from Mr. Price, for at times he seems to be our only source of information, and he is always most kind about helping us.

July 4th Tour of State's Scenic Spots Is Suggested

483-Mile Trip and 508-Mile Alternate Are Charted
By State Road Commission Information Bureau;
Camping, Picnicking Are Permitted

With a long weekend in prospect for the Fourth of July, the state road commission suggested a typical West Virginia tour yesterday for those seeking the coolness and scenic beauty of the state's highlands.

Charts 483-Mile Trip

Mrs. Lois Ford, in one of her last acts as chief of the information department, charted a 483-mile trip that will take the traveler through historic sections of the state as well as those rich in natural beauty and developed as recreational centers.

From Charleston, Mrs. Ford suggests taking U. S. 60, the route of the historic James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which in the trip to Lewisburg passes through busy industrial sections, picturesque Gaudy Bridge, and past Hawks Nest state park and the New River canyon, with its breath-taking scenery.

Historic points on this section of the trip include Tyree Tavern, known as Halfway House, which dates beyond the revolution and was rebuilt in 1810, and the 117-year-old Old Stone House on the west slope of Big Sewell mountain.

Swimming Available At Park

At Lewisburg, the tourist is advised to turn north into U. S. 219—the Seneca Trail—through the bluegrass farmlands and past Droop Mountain Battlefield state park, where was fought one of the longest engagements of the Civil war, and Watoga State park where one may pause for a swim in the cool mountain waters of Watoga lake.

State Route 39, which intersects with 219, goes to Minnehaha Springs, a summer recreational resort suggested as a good stop-over on the trip.

From this point, the tour goes north on Route 28—a cool, scenic drive through the heart of the Monongahela National forest—to Judy Gap where a good forest road leads to Spruce Knob, the highest point in the state. Use of U. S. 220 is then advised by Mrs. Ford to Petersburg—a drive that follows the South Branch of the Potomac for some distance and passes the Smoke Hole area, famed as a fisherman's paradise, where cabins may be rented.

Seneca Beauty Cited

For the return trip, Mrs. Ford suggests State Route 4, east and then southeast through the limestone country where mighty rocks such as 900-foot Seneca provide a scene not often witnessed by the city dweller. Seneca caverns and a new development, the Smoke Hole caverns, provide subterranean beauty surpassing the highly-advertised caves of other states.

Between Mouth of Seneca and Elkins on Route 4 are Alpena and Stuart Memorial parks, where camping and picnicking are permitted, while good swimming at Stuart park is also available before the trip through the Upshur country farm lands and down the Valley of the Elk back to Charleston.

As an alternate tour of 508 miles, Mrs. Ford suggests U. S. 60 to Gaudy Bridge, U. S. 19 to Summersville, State 39 to Richwood, State 20 to Buckhannon, State 4 to Petersburg, State 42 to Mount Storm, U. S. 50 to Red House, U. S. 219 to Elkins and State 4 to Charleston—a route that passes the Holley River state park and the French Creek game farm.

ProchontesInventory of MaterialsTopic: Flora W. Va.Plants from the
Title: Cranberry GladesAuthor: Emma L. Woodward

9-8-38

Date Submitted: _____ Length: 171 Words

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Editor: _____

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Article from Clarkeburg Exponent Sept 8/1938

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Consultant: _____

Reliability: _____

File: _____

Index: _____

For Mr Graham

From Blackberry Experiment Sept 8, 1938
(Looking)

Am:

Richmond, Sept. 7.

Plants from the famous Cranberry Glades
will be classified by experts of the Smithsonian
Museum, D.C. museum as a result of a recent
visit by Dr Paul Bartsch, head curator of the
institution and chief of the Department of
Zoology at George Washington University, Washington.
Bartsch & Dr. T. Parker, also of Washington
were guests of Mrs Billie Bottom, here.

"Not since I was in Labrador have seen
such a sight as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Bartsch
said. "The reindeer moss is a mystery
as to how it grows here and from whence
comes, for the far north there is a number
of it, but why it should be in this particular
spot in D.C. is beyond me."

20, D.C.

From Mrs. Graham
From Clarkburg Exponent Sept 8, 1938
(Today)

Richmond, Sept. 7.

Plants from the famous Cranberry Glades will be classified by experts of the Smithsonian Institution, D. C. museum as a result of a recent visit by Dr. Paul Bartsch, head curator of the institution and chief of the Department of zoology at George Washington University, Washington. Bartsch + Dr. T. Parker, also of Washington were guests of Mrs. Billie Sutton, here.

"Not since Duas in Labrador have we seen such a sight as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Bartsch said. "The reindeer moss is a mystery as to how it grows here and from whence it comes. In the far north there is an abundance of it, but why it should be in this particular spot in N. Va. is beyond me."

The glades, high meadows in the mountains about 35 miles from here, has attracted many plant experts. They describe as a "zoo" of plant life.

Dogway - Webster Co.

Founded out about 30 yrs ago
by River Run Co.

Not exactly correct name
at that time

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American Rev

names in Pocahontas County, Virginia.—By Dr. N. R.

Crab Run, near Arboreale: Name a tradition that an Indian was wounded in the fight at Crab Run, camped on the run while resting. Pouches of sassafras leaves used to be used by Indians for gun shot wounds afterwards found at this place.

Frost Situated on high exposed ground, referring to a cold locality. Name of a village and postoffice.

Denmar A lumber town and post office on Greenbrier River, started about 1910 by a Mr. Dennison, who came from Hagerstown, Maryland. The name formed from the first syllable of Dennison and Maryland, Denmar. Now the site for the State tuberculosis sanitarium for colored people.

Caesar Mountain Overlooking the Levels of Pocahontas County, and a part of Droop Mountain Battlefield. First settled and named by Henry Messinbird at the beginning of the 19th century. (Prices Historical Sketches, page 110) Messinbird was a man of mystery who seemed to be well educated, a classical scholar; hence the name, possibly. At his death he freed his slaves, of whom he had several. He left Caesar one mountain, and to Vina another mountain.

Bruffys Creek, Named for the pioneer Patrick Bruffey, who first settled on the branch of Hills Creek. Numerous descendants live in the locality.

Swago Creek Tributary to the Greenbrier River, four miles below Marlinton. Word of Indian origin, probably the same Seneca derivation as Owego. The valley in early days was much frequented by the Indians, evidenced by several Indian Mounds and Indian stone relics found in profusion. Stone (flint) for artifacts obtained from the limestone strata on this creek.

Dogway Branch of Cranberry River, in the Black Forest. One of those name like Fox Tree, Barrenshe, Hatful Bellwards, Hellforsartin, Little Rough, Big Rough, all branches of Cranberry river, brought here by the Hammons family from Middle Fork of the Kentucky River country. Note the similarity of names recorded by John Fox Jr. in his tales of the Kentucky Mountains.

Jacox Name of postoffice from the family name of Jacox, to whom a great boundary of land in lower Pocahontas and upper Greenbrier was granted about 800 adjoining and perhaps overlapping the great grant to Robert Morris, the banker of the American Revolution.

Edray, About one hundred years ago the name given to the postoffice, from the Bible city Edral, meaning powerful "a place surrounded." That it is most aptly named will be realized by a look from the Elk Mountain road.

Onoro Near by, was so named upon the establishment of the post office there about forty years ago for a poetess of Japan. I do not now recall whether it was her given or her surname.

Numerous small creeks and runs in Pocahontas county, such as Span Oak Run, Cup Run etc., named from some natural phenomena such as a leaning tree used as a foot bridge, or a hollowed stone, which may have disappeared.

On the head of Swago creek there is a "Natural Bridge" formed by a stratum of the limestone, about forty feet in length and fifteen feet high, under which the stream flows. This bridge in a very rugged country in the forest.

Sunday Lick Run and Monday Lick Run about half mile apart and two miles below Marlinton, tributary to Greenbrier River from the east side near the mouth of Swago Creek. In pioneer days deer licks were frequented on these streams and fanciful names given by hunters. There is a tradition that once a hunter killed a deer on Sunday at one of these licks; Sunday hunting was frowned upon by the early settlers, and the name given as an enduring reproach. Lens Ridge lies between Sunday and Monday Licks, from Len Monday, pioneer hunter.

Raintown A lumber settlement on Stamping Creek near Mill Point developed by John Raine, lumberman. The mill is gone but a settlement remains. Stamping Creek a turbulent mountain stream which "stinks" with reverberations. Mill Point named for a pioneer mill place; the mill an overshot wheel still remains. Stamping Creek near by was the stamping ground for the buffalo.

Sugar Creek, Tributary to Williams River in the Monongahela National Forest. Named for the production of the trees of the sugar maple species.

Tea Creek, Also tributary to Williams River. A clear stream flowing out of a dense spruce forests. The sedimentary deposits on stones from "red" runs official measures gives the water in its bed an amber color. A tanned trout stream.

Woodrow Post office and school named for President Woodrow Wilson.

Stillington Creek Named for the first settler, Robert Stillington (see sketches, page 235) who settled at Dunmore on this creek. Robert Stillington was the stepfather of Jacob Warwick (1740-1826) my grandfather three remove, who was a noted land owner and Indian scout in Pocahontas and Bath counties. He resided at different times on Jacksons River near Warm Springs and at Clover Lick on Clover Creek on Greenbrier River.

Dunmore, on Stillingtons creek was undoubtedly named for Lord Dunmore the last Colonial Governor of Virginia. After the Revolution, because of personal unpopularity of the memory of Governor Dunmore repeated moves were made to change the name, but it has persisted none the less. In later years two citizens of the name of Dunn and Moore claimed that the name was coined from their joint names, and Price so states in history of the county. However the place was known as Dunmore in pre-Revolutionary times, being the site of Jacob Warwick's Fort on or near by Dear Creek.

Price Run, Enters Greenbrier River at Marlinton, west side; also Price Hill in the same locality. Home of the Price family. The original Lewis Survey (1751) acquired by Jacob Warwick and settled by his daughter Nancy and her husband Major William T. Poage about 1790. The survey, 640 acres comprised the whole of the site of the present county seat, Marlinton. William Thomas Price author of Prices Historical Sketches of Pocahontas County, born here July 19, 1830, and died at the place where he was born January 15, 1921, aged ninety years. The Hill and stream named for the Price Place is now occupied in part by myself.

Pocahontas Times
3/28/41

STATE ATTRACTIONS CITED BY BIAS IN ADDRESS TO CLUB

West Virginia Leads in Percent-
age of Native-Born White
Population

RESIDENTS WIN WORLD FAME

First Battles of Revolution and
Civil War Fought in Borders
—Leads in Glass Output

An historical sketch of West Virginia, including each progressive step from the time of Virginia's secession during the Civil war, was given by B. Randolph Bias, Williamson attorney, before an unusually large audience of members and guests of the Huntington Woman's club at the monthly general meeting this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the club house.

Mrs. Karl C. Prichard, president of the club, presided at the meeting and the program was sponsored by the Civics department, of which Mrs. Douglas W. Brown is chairman. The business session was omitted in order to give Mr. Bias time for his address, "West Virginia," which has received widespread notice in the state.

Mr. Bias is a prominent attorney in Williamson, being former assistant prosecuting attorney of Mingo county and former president of the West Virginia State Bar association. His address this afternoon, in part, follows:

"West Virginia was born of the Civil war because that part of Virginia which now constitutes West Virginia was loyal to the Union and refused to secede.

Descendants From Colonists

"Its fifty-five counties have twenty-five thousand square miles of area and a million and a half of the best people on earth.

"Its people are honest, truthful, industrious, law-abiding and God-fearing. Largely descended from the colonists of Virginia, eighty-nine and nine-tenths per cent of them are native-born whites.

line railroad companies their general counsel, Cornwell to Baltimore & Ohio; Fitzpatrick to the Chesapeake & Ohio and Knight to the Virginian.

"Julia Pierpont, who established 'Memorial Day,' was a West Virginian, as was Ann Jaryis, who founded 'Mother's Day.' Alexander Wade, father of the graded school system, was a West Virginian, as was Alexander Campbell, founder of a great church.

"To literature, poetry and history we have furnished such people as David B. Strother, known in Civil war times as Port Grayson; Daniel B. Lucas and his sister, Virginia Lucas, Fannie Kemble Johnson, Dr. John P. Hale, Governor George W. Atkinson, Governor William A. McCorkle, William S. Edwards, Virgil A. Lewis, William Henry Foote, Hugh Maxwell, Bishop George W. Peterkins and Dr. James Monroe Callaghan.

"Thomas Dunn English was a resident of Logan county when he wrote that immortal ballad, 'Ben Bolt.'

"Leslie Thrasher, one of America's best known artists and illustrators, is also a West Virginian.

"The rural free delivery mail system was originated by Hon. W. L. Wilson, a West Virginian, who was postmaster general under President Cleveland.

"A West Virginian now is the head of the American army. A West Vir-

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"Including the time before Virginia was dismembered, the two Virginias gave to history John Smith, Pocahontas, Jamestown, Yorktown and Appomattox; the Declaration of Independence; the fathers of the Constitution; Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, Monroe, Henry, Mason, the Randolphs, the Lees and more presidents than any other state has given to the Union.

"Except for certain of the original thirteen colonies there are more graves of soldiers of the Revolution in West Virginia than in any other state.

"One county in West Virginia (Berkeley) gave to our cause in the Revolution five of its generals, including General Gates, Charles Lee and Alexander Stevens.

"The first battle of the Revolution (Point Pleasant) was fought on West Virginia soil as was the last battle, at Fort Henry.

First in War

"The first battle of the Civil war was fought at Philippi; the first Union soldier killed in the Civil war was a West Virginian; the Paul Revere of the Spanish American war, the man who carried the message to Garcia, (Major Andrew Summers Rowan) was a West Virginian; the Commander of the flagship New York in the battle of Santiago, was a West Virginian; the first man to scale the walls of Peking in the Boxer rebellion was a West Virginian; and a West Virginian was first of the Allies to reach the Rhine in the World war (Captain Ward Lantham).

"To the Union it gave its loyalty and back to the Confederacy it gave Robert Jackson.

"West Virginia has given to the United States Episcopal church five of its greatest bishops; that 'Father of Methodism,' West of the Mississippi, Andrew Menick; and its greatest woman missionary to America, Mary Ann Baker Eddy.

line railroad companies their general counsel, Cornwell to Baltimore & Ohio; Fitzpatrick to the Chesapeake & Ohio and Knight to the Virginian.

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"The rural free delivery mail system was originated by Hon. W. L. Wilson, a West Virginian, who was postmaster general under President Cleveland.

"A West Virginian now is the head of the American army. A West Virginian is at the head of our national air service and a West Virginian was, in 1924, the nominee for president of the United States.

Streams For Power

"We have, today, eight thousand public schools, fourteen thousand teachers and spend for them, twenty-five million dollars. We have more than two hundred high schools today while in 1870 we had none. We employ fifteen hundred high school teachers and have more than twenty-five thousand high school students.

"When West Virginia university was established sixty years ago, it had a president, four instructors, and property valued at fifty thousand dollars. Today it has two hundred instructors and property worth more than two million dollars.

"West Virginia has water power furnishing almost inexhaustible possibilities. We have coal enough to supply the world with fuel for a century and uncut timber on our hills sufficient to last for a long time.

"We have produced oil of the highest grade and gas enough to supply several adjoining states. Annually we produce forty per cent of the total production of gas in the country leading all states.

"The largest conical mound, built by a prehistoric race, is located at Moundsville. It is seventy-five feet high and its circumference at its base is 900 feet.

"The first brick paved street in the world was laid in Charleston in 1870.

"West Virginia produces more glass than any state on earth and has eighteen of the largest factories in the world.

"We have the greatest percentage of native born white population of any state in the Union. We are a happy, contented, industrious, accessible and hospitable people.

Pocahontas

Chapter 4

MEHALA MORAN McNEIL

Mrs. Mehala Caroline Moran McNeil, aged 77 years, died February 2, 1940, at her home on Swago. Though her health had been failing for some time her death was unexpected. On Sunday afternoon her body was buried in the family plot in the Buckley cemetery; the service was conducted from the Swago church by Rev. J C Wool.

Mrs McNeil was a daughter of the late John C. and Mary LaRue Moran. She was born in Grayson county, Va. She came with her parents to Pocahontas county in 1886. Of her father's family there remains her three sisters, Mrs Matilda Auldridge of Buckeye, Mrs Lydia Slayton of Huntersville and Mrs Annie Collins of Charleston.

On December 15, 1887, she became the wife of the late Charles L McNeil, who died about 20 years ago. To this union three children were born—John, at home; Bennett of Vanderpool, Va., and Mrs Mary P. Turner, of Trinity, Texas

MRS LELIA BURR MOORE

Mrs. Lelia Burr Moore, aged sixty three years, wife of E N Moore of Dunmore, died of a heart attack on Thursday, February 1, 1940. The funeral service was held from the Dunmore church on Saturday morning by her pastor, Rev. Quade Arbogast, assisted by Rev. A B Williford. Burial in Riverview cemetery, Ronceverte, Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Moore was a daughter of the late J Austin and Miriam Hannah Burr, of Ronceverte. Her brothers are Leland, of Ravenswood, Leslie, of Birmingham, Alabama; Harry, of Detroit, Michigan; Joe of Charleston; Rev. Quinn Burr, of Roanoke, Va. Her sisters are Mrs Samuel Myers of Corvallis, Washington, and Mrs H F. Jamison of Centerville, Ala.

She is survived by her husband and their two children, Eloise and Ernest N Moore, Jr.

—Martins Journal

2/8/40

Pocahontas Chapter 4

Dear Cousin Calvin:

Your paper will soon be turned in to a genealogical magazine.

In reference to the inquiry of Mr. Preble about John Casey Harness, I think he was a great grandson of Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness; 1700-1784. Their eldest son, Captain John, born 1725, died 1810, married Eunice Pettice, daughter of Ebenezer Pettice, of Pennsylvania. Their sixth child, George, married Rebecca Casey. They had children but I do not know of any other than George who married Sally McNeill; Captain Jack who married Anne McNeill; John, Jr., (Casey?) who married Jane Welton in 1825; Annie who married Jacob Van Meter; Jane Anice who married George Cunningham; Catherine who married Isaac Cunningham.

John and Jane Welton Harness had C. E.; Daniel, Henry, George Wm. Wirt, 1831-1908; who married Mary A. Porterfield; Mastin, and Elizabeth, who married Bussan McMeecham.

George and Sallie McNeill Harness had Molly, who married Jack Williams; Ann Rebecca who married James Kuykendall.

There is a wonderful mixture of kin in this family. They all came from that garden spot of America in the South Branch Valley of the Potomac.

Beside the child John, old Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness had Elizabeth, 1727-1804, married Phillip P. Yoakum; Barbara married Michael See; he died in 1794. They were the parents of Adam S-e, born September 19, 1764, who married Margaret, daughter of Major Jacob and Mary Vance Warwick, of Pocahontas County. He and his brother, Michael, Jr., came from Hardy County to Randolph County about 1790.

Margaretta Harness married Andrew Trumbo and migrated to Kentucky. See Shane's Virginia and the Preston Papers, Wisconsin University.

Dorothy Harness married Samuel Hornbeck and went to Kentucky. See paper above.

Adam Harness was killed by the Indians while cutting hay in Butter-milk Flats, now Hardy County, about 1745 to 1750.

Leonard married a Miss Hatch, and some say, went to Indiana. This family had a noted ranchman, known as Colonel Harness, who formerly lived at Ponca City, Oklahoma.

Peter Harness married Susan Inskeep. They had a child; mother and child were killed by Indians.

Jacob married twice. His first wife was a Pettice. Their children, Mary A. married George Fisher; Eunice

Jacob's second wife was Lizzie R. abough. Their son was Conrad, who married Elizabeth Tucker. Jacob, when an old man, left most of his estate to his son Conrad. The daughters objected, so Conrad gave them the estate. In 1833 he made up a big caravan and set out for Missouri. There he found fine lands. He took his wagon train from the South Branch and went by way of Kentucky. There the family visited a month or six weeks with their kin who had gone there before. The train was so large it took a week to cross the Mississippi River. Carl Harness, of Los Angeles, California, who married Lillian, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Austin, formerly of Pocahontas County, is a great grandson of the aristocratic Conrad, of Missouri.

Conrad, son of old Michael, married Mary Yoakum. He and his family were killed by the Indians. Returning home from church where his infant had been baptized (by sprinkling, says Rev. Shane.) an Indian stepped from the woods. He took by the bridle the horse on which Mrs. Harness rode, brandishing his tomahawk. Conrad came to the rescue of his wife, and the Indian killed them all.

George, 1739-1823, married Elizabeth Yoakum. They had children, among whom were Elizabeth who married Jack Hutton. Mrs. E. F. Crummell, 1873 Hillside Road, E. Cleveland, Ohio, is a descendant.

Michael Harness, Jr., married Catherine Van Meter.

These people pioneered what is now Hardy County. Elizabeth Westfall Harness is said by Van Meter in his History of the Van Meter family, to have been the first white woman to have set foot in this part of Virginia.

Georgianne Dunlap Arnold,
(Mrs. E. C. Arnold)

300 West 8th Street,
Roswell, New Mexico.

- Pocahontas Times

1/4/40

Pearson's *Chap 4*

:- DIED :-

DR. JOHN M. YEAGER

Dr John M. Yeager aged 63 years died Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1940. For a year he had been in failing health, though up to within a few weeks of his death he had been active in his practice. The cause of his death was paralysis, but in reality this beloved physician had worn himself out in service of sick and ailing humanity.

On Tuesday afternoon his body was buried in the family plot in Mt View Cemetery. The funeral was conducted from the home in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing friends by his pastor, Dr H. Malcom Sturm, of the Methodist Church. The pall bearers were C B. Moore, Frank King, G S Callison, Kerth Nottingham, Richard Currence and Senator Fred C. Allen.

John Moody Yeager was born at Bartow, April 7 1877. He was the second son of the late Brown M. and Harriet Arbogast Yeager. Of his fathers family there remains his four brothers, Walker, Sterling, Bruce and Paul; his sisters, Mrs Brownie Gatewood and Mrs Texie Carroll.

In 1902 Dr. Yeager was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Smith, daughter of Captain A E Smith. To this union were born four children: Guy M of Amingo; L A of Franklin; Mrs Elmer Smith and Mrs W E Adlung, of Washington D. C.

Dr Yeager was graduated in medicine at Louisville, Ky. in 1901 and for 39 years has practiced his profession in Marlinton. He had a large practice, which reached to every walk of life. To rich and poor alike, his sympathizing heart went out in his passion to heal sick and broken bodies. No one will ever know the good this beloved physician did for it should be said he wore his life away and shortened his days in service to sick and suffering humanity. Blessed with a remarkable personality his circle of friends was wide for to know him was to love him.

"Know ye not that this day a great and good man has fallen"

MRS. NAOMI VanREENAN

Mrs. Naomi VanReenan was born August 20, 1872 and departed this life at her home on Stony Creek on Sunday, April 7, 1940 aged 67 years 7 months and 18 days, following an illness of six weeks of influenza and complications. Everything that loving hands could do was done for her but God knew best and called her to her eternal reward. She bore her suffering with patience and was resigned to His will who doeth all things well.

Mrs. VanReenan was the only daughter of Francis M. and Rachel Galford McCoy. On December 21, 1892, she was united in marriage to William M. VanReenan who preceded her to the grave six years ago. To this union were born 12 children, all of whom survive their mother: Mrs. Mirl Tyler, Mrs. Lee S Barlow, Bernard, Lonnie, Gilbert and Porter VanReenan of Marlinton; Dr. A. C. VanReenan of Bluefield; Forrest VanReenan of Warren Ohio; Myrtle VanReenan of Huntington, Hubert, Jane and Carl VanReenan at home. She is also survived by her brother, A. C. McCoy of Renfrow, Oklahoma, and 26 grandchildren besides a host of relatives and friends.

The funeral was conducted on Wednesday afternoon, from the West Union Church, by her pastor, Rev. R. H. Skaggs, assisted by Dr Malcom Sturm of the Marlinton Methodist Church, and she was tenderly laid to rest beside her husband in the Cochran Cemetery on Stony Creek.

The esteem in which Mrs VanReenan was held was attested to by the large concourse of friends who attended the last rites, also by the beautiful floral offering. The flower girls were: Mrs. Vance Livingston, Mrs Clarence Kellison, Mrs. Porter Sharp, Mrs Allen Sharp, Mrs Roy Dever, Mrs Eugene Simmons, Mrs. Harry Keene, Mrs. Ralph Elliott; Misses Annas Cole, Ethel Barlow, Betty Clay Sharp, Elizabeth Cochran, Norma June and Lucy Clair Kellison.

The pall bearers were: Ralph Diley, Preston Duncan, Porter Sharp, Neal, Clawson and Jesse Beverage.

Mrs. VanReenan had been a loyal member of the West Union Methodist Church for many years, having been converted in early life, and she lived a consistent Christian life, loved by all who knew her. She was ever a devoted wife and mother, a good neighbor and friend.

Nov 1940
4/18/40

fully expressed in our state motto, "MONTANA SEMPER LIBERI," you experience in all its delight and glory. But I must forbear, and proceed with the story of the Church in this wonderland of natural beauty and uncounted wealth.

Just when the Methodist Protestant Church was first introduced into the Greenbrier Valley, there are no records to show. But as early as 1842 there was a well organized and prosperous circuit in this valley. On the roll of the quarterly conference were the names of many of the most prominent, and influential citizens of these two counties.

BETHEL CHURCH—BUCKEYE

Perhaps the oldest society in Pocahontas county, is at the Bethel Church in Buckeye, a small village a few miles down the valley from Marlinton. It is related that when the first Methodist Protestant minister came into this community, he was refused the privilege of preaching at the same place where M. E. ministers had been holding services. Whether this was a private house or a meeting house is not related. Mr. John Buckley, not a church member, invited this new preacher to preach at his home. The invitation was gladly accepted, and a housefull of people came to hear this "new kind of Methodist," preach his first sermon in that community. The people were so well pleased that a number of unconverted men went to work at once and built a log house in which to hold services. John Buckley donated the lot and James Rogers rived the shingles for the roof.

As soon as the meeting house was completed the new minister held a protracted meeting and many of the men who had helped to build the house were converted, and became charter members of the society that was formed

CHAPTER XI

THE GREENBRIER VALLEY

I am combining Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties in this chapter, so that I may consider this entire region as a single unit. This great valley which is paralleled on the east by the Alleghany mountains, is a wonderland of majestic beauty, and geological history. Here are to be found plateaux of surprising beauty and fertility, with scarcely a stone on them. While over against them are mountain walls with limestone strata 500 feet thick. Under some of these limestone mountains are small caves from which flow streams large enough to turn a mill wheel. Mineral springs of various kinds, alum, sulphur-white and blue, nationally known since the days of George Washington, for their medicinal virtues are to be found in this region.

To climb up over rugged limestone strata for five or six hundred feet above the river level, and come upon a beautiful plateau of many square miles in area, dotted with fine farm houses and fertile fields; then to climb a thousand feet higher to the crest of the mountain, is an interesting experience. Then from that mountain height look out over the great mountain ridges that resemble huge blue waves on a boundless ocean, one gets a thrill that dwellers on the lowlands can never know. I shall never forget the thrill of this mountain top view as my vision took in the vast sweep of panoramic beauty that lay before me.

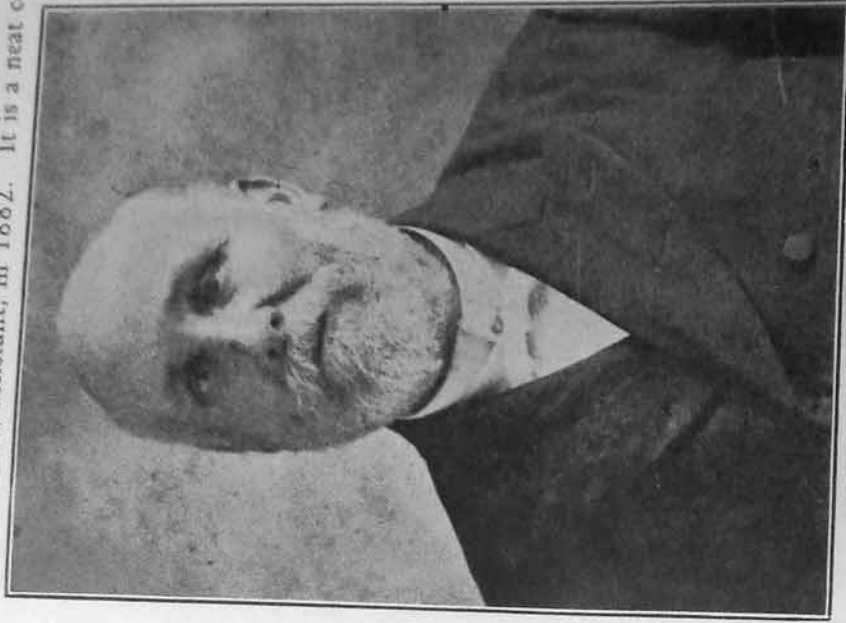
To one accustomed to the crowding and jostling of city streets, the felling of "elbow room," which is so force-

at the close of the meetings. While this revival was in progress seventeen young people left a prayer-meeting at the M. E. Church and attended the revival services. For this act they were expelled from the M. E. Church. When the M. P. Class was formed these seventeen and eighteen others, (35 in all) who had formerly been members of the M. E. Church, joined the new society formed at the new log church, then known as Buckley Church, but now called Bethel.

The oldest records show that Bethel church had more than one hundred members in 1853; among them were many of the most prominent citizens of the community. The Overholt, Buckley, McNeill, Rogers and McKeever families were leaders in the society. Old Bethel church has given to the conference two itinerant ministers and a few local preachers of ability. Rev. Dr. A. L. McKeever and his half brother, Rev. Moore McNeill, were members here. Three ministers wives have come from the membership of Bethel church; Mrs. Rev. D. S. Boggs, who was Sabina Laishley Buckley, named in babyhood for Dr. Laishley's wife; Mrs. Rev. M. M. Everly, who was Miss Overholt; Mrs. Rev. B. M. Mitchell, who was Miss Elizabeth Frances Pennell, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell. And I am of opinion that a few more young ministers could find eligible young ladies in that community who would make fine ministers wives.

Joshua Buckley, Jonathan McNeill, James Rogers, William Aldrige, Nellie Rogers, Elizabeth Fleming, Ruth Kee, Polly Kee, Angeline McNeill, Lucy Buckley, and Polly Buckley were some of the early members at Bethel. George McKeever, "Aunt Nancy McNeill," Mrs. Pennell, Mrs. and Mrs. William McNeill and John Buckley and wife are among the older members now.

The present house of worship at Buckeye was built under the pastorate of Rev. George W. Barrett, and Rev. M. L. Smith, assistant, in 1882. It is a neat com-



REV. A. L. McKEEVER, D. D.

modious, frame building, and very creditable to the community and to the Methodist Protestant denomination.

The Greenbrier Valley has produced many able and distinguished ministers. And to old Bethel church at

Buckeye, belongs the honor of having given to the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, one of its prominent and successful ministers, who for more than forty years was active in the work of the conference.

Dr. McKeever was born July 24, 1844. He united with the Methodist Protestant Church at Bethel in 1866, and was licensed to preach by the quarterly conference of the Pocahontas circuit. He was admitted to membership in the annual conference with that famous class of 1871, six of whom served as presidents of the conference in succession: B. Stout, A. L. McKeever, D. G. Helmick, D. C. Weese, J. M. Conaway and E. J. Wilson.

Brother McKeever served many of the leading charges of the district, including: Harrison, Lewis, Georgetown, Buckhannon, Marion, Mt. Morris and Flemington circuits. He served two years as president, and was several times a delegate to the General Conference sessions. He preached his first sermon on Beaver Creek.

Dr. McKeever married Miss Sarah Young. One of his sons, Dr. Otto D. McKeever, is a distinguished minister of the M. E. Church, and famous as a lecturer.

DROOP MOUNTAIN CHURCH

This old church is located at the base of Droop Mountain, in the lower end of what is known as "The Little Levels," and a few miles south of Hillsboro.

The Little Levels is one of those beautiful plateaux of which I wrote at the beginning of this chapter. It is nearly a thousand feet above the river, and extends up and down the valley for many miles. Some of the most beautiful and fertile farms in the state are located here.

Rising from this plateau, like a great loaf of bread a thousand feet high, is Droop Mountain.

The Droop Mountain society was organized by Dr. George Brown in 1842. Dr. Brown was president of the Pittsburgh conference, and was making an official visit to this circuit when he organized the society. Rev. Richard Walker was the pastor, and had been preaching in a private home near where the church stands. David Cochran and wife, Solomon Cochran and wife, Martha McKeever, Elizabeth Hoover, and John McLaughlin were charter members. The church was built under the pastorate of Rev. W. W. Blake in 1858. It is a plain frame structure, having a gallery extending across the rear, in which the colored people sat during the services. The lumber in this building was all "hand-worked." The pulpit is "built in" across the platform.

Dr. George Nestor was pastor here in 1845—his second year in the conference, and lived in this community. He says of his pastorate there: "The first year we lived in a room in the second story of old mother Elizabeth Morrison's home. This house had been one of the preaching places of Bishop Asbury and Joshua Soule, who traveled here before he was made a Bishop. Mother Morrison in 1845, was a pious and intelligent widow lady 84 years of age. She with her husband, Andrew Morrison, then living, Rev. A. T. Morrison, son of hers, Richard Williams and Thankful his wife, son-in-law and daughter, and Moses Perkins were among the first reformers in that region. Notwithstanding the strong and near ties the Morrison families had to the M. E. Church, they left and became forerunners and original members of the Methodist Protestant Church in old Greenbrier county."

Methodism is as old in this valley as any place in America, and seventy years ago the Methodist Protestant Church was the leading denomination here. But it makes one feel like we imagine the ancient Jews felt after the return from Babylon, when he looks upon the shadows of a departed glory.

The Rev. George W. Barrett was a native of this community. His wife's brother, Jesse Barrett, was a member of old Droop church. George Brown Cochran, born in 1842, was named for Dr. George Brown who organized the Droop society. Dr. A. L. McKeever, was named for Rev. Alfred Lister who was pastor here in 1843.

VIRDEN VALLEY—FAIRVIEW

The Virden Valley society was formed about the close of the civil war. Services were held in a log school house until 1882 when the present church was built by Rev. G. W. Barrett and M. L. Smith. The church is located about one half mile from the school house, and about seven miles north of Marlinton, on the C. & O. R. The location is ideal for a country church, which may have suggested the new name, Fairview. The Freil and Johnson families were prominent members of the early organization, and Hanson Sharp, Mrs. Hule Sharp and Benjamin Johnson are active members in the class now, which numbers about seventy.

NEEL CHAPEL—BRUSH APPOINTMENT

This church is located on one of these great "Levels," which is truly a most beautiful section of country. The lot upon which the church is built was donated by John Neel, and the church building was named in his honor. It is a log house, ceiled and weatherboarded. A gallery

extends across the rear in which the colored people sat. There were many fine plantations in these levels before the civil war, and a large number of slaves were owned by the planters. Among the early members here were: William Lowdermilk and wife, Moses McClung and wife, Mike Cochran and wife, John Neel and wife, William Shary and Martha Farnsworth.

SPRING CREEK CHURCH

In 1914 Rev. D. T. Tharp held a meeting and organized a good society on Spring Creek, about 5 or 6 miles from Neel Chapel and built a good house of worship. Dr. J. J. Phillips dedicated this church in 1915 when he visited the circuit in an official capacity as president of the conference. The church was named Rock Camp. The name may have a geological significance. The creek issues from under the limestone mountain in the form of a big spring, hence its name.

Rev. C. D. Sharp, pastor of the Harrisville church, was a member of the Rock Camp society, having been converted under the ministry of his uncle, Rev. D. T. Tharp. The present membership is about twenty.

SUE CHAPEL—LITTLE CREEK

The society on Little Creek was organized by Rev. George W. Barrett in 1865. Services were held in an old log dwelling that had been fixed up and used for a school house. In 1872 a log church was built. (I have a fine picture of the log church). Moses Perry and wife, John F. Perry and wife, Rev. Thomas S. Colter and wife, were charter members.

Some years ago the Methodist Protestant and M. E. South built a frame church near Sue Postoffice on Little Creek. But when the deed was made it was to the M. E. Church, South, leaving the Methodist Protestants out, although they had done their part in building the house.

Mr. John F. Perry, a prosperous farmer and country merchant, and one of the charter members of the Methodist Protestant Church decided that he was not ready for the M. P. Church to be absorber in that community. So he proposed to the conference that he would give sixty acres of land on which there was a house suitable for ministers home, and would pay \$1,000 towards the building or a church if the conference would furnish enough money to complete the building. The conference accepted the proposition and in 1924 the building was completed and dedicated by Rev. J. E. Burns and Rev. W. H. Hart. It is a very neat chapel and large enough to serve the needs of the society. The new church was named Sue Chapel, in honor of Mrs. John F. Perry, deceased.

The Rev. Thomas S. Colter was a charter member of the original society on Little Creek, now known as Sue Chapel. The permanency of this society is now assured and the outlook for the future is promising.

SLAB CAMP

This is a small society still worshipping in a school house. It is located on the Mountain top between Little Creek and Woodland church. The first services were held at the home of Allen McKeever, a cousin of Rev. A. L. McKeever. In 1882, Rev. Charles Taylor organized the society. Henry Coulter and wife, Mary Kellison, V.

J. Gibbs, Mary Coulter, Henry Williams and wife and Mary Perry were charter members. The class is still very small.

WOODLAND CHURCH

This church, like Neel Chapel, is located on one of these great Plateaux in a fine agricultural community. This plateau is about a thousand feet above the river level, and the view from here is beautiful beyond my power to describe. I have stood on Plymouth Rock, in Massachusetts and looked out over the sea. I have stood at Fort Sill, in Oklahoma and looked at the distant mountains. I have rested under the Maple trees of Canada and looked out over the Great Lakes, and I have walked amid the Blue Grass of Kentucky, but I have never looked upon a more inspiring scene than is here unfolded to your enraptured vision as you turn your gaze toward the setting sun.

Woodland church is situated about four miles from Renick station on the C. & O. R. R., and on the road leading to Little Creek. The building is owned jointly by the Methodist Protestant and Presbyterian Churches. The M. P. society here was organized by Rev. W. T. Bosley, who held a revival meeting in a shop at the farm of J. T. Gabbert who had been a member of the church at Neel Chapel, and when he moved into this new place he invited Brother Bosley to preach at his home. Brother J. T. Gabbert and wife and four of his sons; George Lowdermilk and several others were charter members.

The Woodland church was built in 1917 under the pastorate of Rev. James H. Lough. Dr. Hutson of the Presbyterian Church and Rev. J. H. Lough, pastor of the Renick circuit M. P. Church dedicated this partnership building in 1917.

MAY CHAPEL—ANTHONY'S CREEK

This is the only appointment of the Huntersville circuit where there is a church building. It is located on Anthony's Creek, just across the line in Greenbrier county. The society at May Chapel was organized in 1908, and in 1909 the church was built under the pastorate of Rev. B. N. Simmers who was pastor of the newly formed Huntersville circuit. When the organization was formed it was part of the Little Creek circuit, of which Rev. Jacob A. Perry was pastor. William May, in whose honor the May Chapel was named, was a member of the old log church on Little Creek, before the new society was formed on Anthony's Creek. Rev. M. L. Smith married a daughter of William May in 1882.

BEAVER CREEK CLASS

This society was formed as early as 1865, and has worshiped in a school house ever since. There have been some great meetings held at this place, but the society has never been able to build a church. It may have been poverty, or lack of enterprise, or possibly want of encouraging leadership.

Rev. A. L. McKeever preached his first sermon at this place. In telling me of this first attempt to preach, he said he had a most embarrassing experience. He did not wear either suspenders or a belt in those days, the tension of waistband being regulated by a strap sewed on the hinder part of his pants. When he kneeled down to pray at the beginning of the service, the strap on his trousers broke, and when he arose he was in danger of losing them. While the audience was singing he tried to borrow a pin from a brother. Pins were scarce, and none was se-

cured. When he arose to speak it was necessary to keep one hand in a pocket by which to hold his pants from falling down. "Now," said he, "If you can imagine a timid young fellow trying to preach his first sermon and hold his pants on at the same time, you may know how I got along." This little incident is told here for the benefit of any young man who may have been embarrassed when he made his first attempt to preach.

CUMMINS CREEK CLASS

This society is located about two miles from Huntersville on the creek from which it takes its name. It has been organized for a good many years, but still worships in a school house.

Browns Creek and Browns Mountain are two more school house appointments of the Huntersville circuit. Pleasant Hill class is located about two miles from the Fairview church and about the same distance from the Clawson church. A building was begun as a partnership enterprise by the Methodist Protestants and Dunkards, but a storm blew it down before it was finished, and no effort has been made to rebuild it. This small society still worships in a school house.

CLAWSON CHURCH

This society at Clawson was organized by Rev. Howard Underwood in 1908, and the church, which is a neat frame building was built under the pastorate of Rev. D. T. Tharp in 1909. Rev. John A. Perry is a leader in this society. The Clawson church is located on the C. & O. R. R., about five miles north of Marlinton, near Thorny Creek station. The parsonage of the Marlinton circuit is located at the Clawson church.

SEIBERT CHURCH

A society was formed here a few years ago, and a good church built by the Presbyterians and Methodist Protestants jointly. Rev. W. T. Howsett, a local minister organized the society. He and his family and David Dean and family were members here. There are still seventeen members at Seibert, although the Seventh Day Adventists have almost succeeded in disorganizing the class since Brother Seibert moved to Marlinton.

Bethel church in the suburbs of Roncevert has been sold, but the lot which is now valuable, is still held by the denomination, although the society which was organized by Rev. J. H. Lough in 1902, has been disbanded.

The Squires church located near the mouth of Spring Creek, has been abandoned since the death of Mr. Squires, Mrs. Dr. A. F. Hess, and Mrs. Dr. A. C. Blake were neighbors of Mr. Squires, and attended that church.

New Hope Church, of the Roncefort circuit, located about three miles from Roncefort on the east side of the river, has been abandoned also. It was built in 1908 by Rev. W. T. Bosley pastor of Roncevert circuit.

THE OLD QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

In order to give the readers some idea of the prominence and prestige of the Methodist Protestant Church in the Greenbrier Valley during the early years of its history, I here make record of some facts gleaned from the old quarterly conference minutes.

Dr. George Brown, president of the Pittsburgh conference, was chairman of the quarterly conference of the Pocahontas circuit, held October 21, 1843. The Rev. Greenberry A. Compton was pastor in charge. Members

of the quarterly conference were: Joshua Buckley, William Perkins, James Moore, Jesse Cochran, John Bradshaw, David Gibson, David Ocheltree, J. G. McNeill, J. R. McCorkle, William Cochran, Samuel Gay, William Johnson, Robert Rogers, James Bradshaw, John M. Hogsett, Isaac Collins, Abraham Grimes, Abel Adkins. In reading the "Historical Sketches of Pocahontas County," by William T. Price, I learned that these men were among the most prominent and influential citizens of the county at that time.

Some of the early pastors who preached in this valley, were: Rev. Richard Walker, Henry Lucas, Greenberry Compton, George Nestor, Daniel R. Helmick, William B. Bolton, John Bolton, Dennis B. Dorsey, J. B. McCormick, D. C. Weese, Oliver Lowther, G. W. Barrett. Dr. Peter T. Laishley, president of the Pittsburgh conference presided at a quarterly conference in 1853, at which plans were made to build the church at Droop Mountain. The delegate was instructed to secure either W. B. Bolton, John Bolton, or George G. Westfall as pastor for the ensuing year. The conference records show that the salary paid averaged with the best charges of the district.

After examining all of the old records available, and making a personal survey of all the old centers of denominational glory and prestige in the past, I asked many of the older people for an opinion as to the cause of our loss of prestige and leadership, as a denomination, in this Valley. One very intelligent, though conservative man replied, "A charge left for years without a pastor, and then supplied with an indifferent quality, is bound to fail." One zealous woman replied, "Other denominations have educated preachers in their pulpits and we have Sand Diggers from Webster county." The most gener-

ally expressed opinion was that, no pastoral leadership during the civil war, and for some years after; then only indifferent supply preachers, who were so far below the standard set by the earlier ministers, that the people lost their interest and hope for better things.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY

Knowing the history, geography, local conditions and sentiment of the people as I think I do, I am going to suggest a possible procedure that may, in the course of time, bring back to the Methodist Protestant Church some of its former prestige, and make it a power for good in this valley.

First: Organize this entire valley as a single unit, and put it under the supervision of one of the strongest leaders and best organizers among the ministers of the conference. Then supply as many competent helpers as may be necessary to properly provide services for all of the appointments.

Second: Require the General Superintendent to live in Marlinton, where he will come in contact with Methodist Protestants who now live there and others who may come, with a view to forming an organization in Marlinton. This man to be supported by the Church Extension Board.

Third: Station one of the best helpers in Ronceverte where he can make a survey of conditions and possibly form an organization. From these two centers the influence of these men will radiate, and the entire membership of the church in this valley will feel the impulse.

Fourth: Team work in evangelism by the superintendent and his helpers, and such assistance as other pastors of the conference may be able to give.

Fifth: Sow the whole territory knee deep with Methodist Protestant literature—a church paper in every family. But some one may say, that is a pretty large program.

Very well, these are times of large things, and the Methodist Protestant Church in West Virginia is able to do large things when once aroused to action. If we could save Parkersburg, resurrect Morgantown, establish ourselves in Weston and Buckhannon; plant a great church in Clarksburg, we can redeem ourselves in the great Greenbrier valley. And I know of no more promising field for Church Extension work than in this valley.

I am older than the state of West Virginia. I know its history and geography. I have traveled over its territory. I know its towns and cities. I know the character and quality of its citizens, and I do not hesitate to express my sincere and honest conviction that, the greatest and best opportunity now open to the Methodist Protestant Church in West Virginia, is in the Greenbrier Valley. And there is no extra charge for this opinion.

THE
METHODIST PROTESTANT
CHURCH

IN
WEST VIRGINIA

BY
REV. I. A. BARNES, Ph. B., D. D.

DEDICATION

TO

*Methodist Protestants of to-day, and those of to-morrow,
who may be interested in knowing whence we came, and
why our coming and the roads by which we came, this
book is affectionately dedicated,*

BY THE AUTHOR.

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